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Tales and Miscellanies.

THE LOVED AND LOST ONE. A JEWISH STORY.

BY MRS L. LARSEN.

[The following beautiful tale, appeared about a year since in a neighboring State: but as it has not been published here, and will be new to most of our readers, we are gratified in giving it an insertion; for which purpose, a copy has been politely furnished by the authoress. It is unquestionably, one of her happiest productions.]

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the towers and temples, the magnificent palaces and splendid baths of Jerusalem. Its rich glow illumined the curtains of mist that hung like a delicate drapery over every object. The whole view was strikingly lovely; but no part of the city presented a scene of more delicious and inviting luxury, than the gardens of Benladdi, where flowers of every hue, and fruits of every variety, with vines, and bubbling brooks and fountains, combined for the enjoyment of the favored mortal who now reclined on the flowery turf, apparently watching, with restless and eager anxiety, the approach of some one from a small, arched door in the wall. His large dark eyes were bright with hope, and his cheeks glowed with impatience.

"I am weary of this suspense, this agony of anxiety," said Benladdi, rising from his rural couch and walking toward the door, which he pushed gently open. "She comes not," said he, pacing the avenue with hurried step. He pressed his hands upon his brow, and said aloud, "Zeluma! thou wilt destroy thy friend, and ruin thine own peace for an idle vow. Surely, thou canst not mean to keep it!" continued he, taking a letter from the folds of his robe, on which he gazed earnestly.

While thus employed, a tall and beautifully graceful female glided in with noiseless step, and stood before him, with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and her finely formed head bent gently forward. Her dress, though not rich, was well adapted to display her exquisitely moulded form to the best advantage. A drapery of delicate texture fell from her shoulders, and partly covered her linen tunic, which was fitted to her shape by a broad girdle of pale blue. Her raven locks were bound back by a fillet, from her lofty, polished brow, though a few of the glossy tresses had strayed from their confinement, and rested on her swan-like neck and glowing cheek. Her complexion, though dark, was so pure that you might almost see the blood rantling through the veins. Her eyes were concealed by their dark lashes, that seemed resting their silken fringes on her blushing cheek; but no one could look on her, as she stood in her attitude of proud humility, without expecting to meet their glances with admiration.

"Zeluma," said the delighted Benladdi, bending as if in adoration, and pressing the hem of her drapery to his lips, "Zeluma, have you come to bless me? have you come to say the blissful words, 'Benladdi, I am thine?'"

Not a sound was heard from the rosy lips of the maiden, who raised her dark eyes to his face, and fixed them for a moment with timid tenderness on his expressive, and love-beaming countenance.

"Hear me once more, Zeluma," said he, taking her hand, "and do not let an idle whim or promise, given when, a simple child, you hung upon your mother's neck, or frolicked at her knees—oh, do not let such a promise ruin the peace of him who loved you almost from the moment he saved your precious life!"

"My vow is registered in Heaven, Benladdi, for it was made to my dying mother, and it may not be broken," said Zeluma, firmly though mildly.

"Your mother herself, if she were alive, would plead my cause, for she always welcomed Benladdi as a friend, and, miserable as she was, found some comfort in my society. She told me that you was a Jewish maiden, born far from your country and home."

Zeluma started at the sound of home, and, pressing her hands upon her bosom, said, "ere the Passover, which is not one moon from us, Benladdi shall know my heart."

"Thanks and blessings rest on thee, maiden, for the promise; but give me some sign that I may hope you will share my fortunes. I am, as you know, free to choose among the daughters of my people. My father, before his death, said, 'if thou lovest the maiden, make her thy wife; she is virtuous and lovely, and will be to thee as Rebecca was to Isaac.' Look but once upon me with the eyes of love, Zeluma, that I may feel the joy of hope, and I will wait patiently thy bidding."

The cheeks of Zeluma blushed deeply; the eloquent blood suffused for a moment even her neck and brow; and though she trembled with emotion, she still concealed the expression of her melting eye. But Benladdi did not despair, when he saw the tender smile that played in the dimples and lines round her beautiful mouth, though she opened it only to say, "I am bound by an oath;" and, turning from him, walked to the small door, through which she had entered the garden. Ere she closed it, she asked, "Will Benladdi listen to the songs of the minstrels before the evening meal? they wait now in the banquetting room."

"I have no taste for their loud minstrelsy, and shall leave the banquet early, to wander where the palm lifts its branches to the breeze; and where the brook as it leaves the roots of the willows, makes such sounds as Zeluma loves. Will you, too, seek the evening breeze; when the moonlight trembles upon the rill? Say, Zeluma, will you meet me at the grove of palms?"

"I am here to do thy bidding, Benladdi—if thou sayest to thy servant, go—"

She blushed and hesitated; while Benladdi, who had advanced to her, put his hands to her lips, and said, "hush, hush, Zeluma! Why wilt thou offend me with such words? Thou knowest full well that thou art free as air. I, Zeluma, yes, I am the slave; I would not hold thee a moment, by any bond but that of affection."

"I know thy generous nature, and I feel thy nobleness; and yet, if it will not offend Benladdi, I shall wait with the maidens, and remain after the banquet with Rachael, though I love the music of the rill better than the song of the minstrel. Thou must look upon me only as thy bondswoman, until my vow is accomplished: then Benladdi shall know all that is passing here." She pressed her hands upon her heart, smiled, and disappeared.

"Virtuous and wise as beautiful and modest," murmured Benladdi, as he turned slowly away and walked towards the palace.

The young maiden went quietly to her employment. Though her heart beat joyously in her bosom, the fear that she had not fulfilled her vow, that she was even then breaking it every moment, would sometimes cross her bright and lovely visions, like a dark cloud on a brilliant sky. But she would say, "My mother never meant I should not love goodness and virtue; and who that knows Benladdi, does not love him? Beside, there are but a few days wanting to complete the time when I may open the mysterious packet, and know why I may not love and marry until eighteen summers have passed over my head. 'Perhaps,' she would add, while the thought would make her heart sink and her frame shudder, 'perhaps I am doomed to misery and shame.' But these forebodings would soon give place to hopes as beautiful and bright as the rainbow, whilst she moved round like a sylph among the maidens of the household, beloved for her gentleness and goodness, and admired for her wisdom.

It was her duty to tend the flowers; and the vases and baskets being filled, she repaired to the garden at sunset, the day before her mother's mysterious packet was to be opened. Agitated and restless, she pursued her usual round, though her fingers trembled, and tears fell upon the gay garlands. Benladdi joined her, and, seeing her agitation, bade her leave the flowers. Leading her to a seat, he threw himself on the turf at her feet, and reclined some time in silence, watching, with tender anxiety, her varying color and humid eyes.

"Zeluma," said he in a tone of gentle reproach, "I hope you do not wish to recall the promise you have made me."

"Oh no; but I am restless and uneasy, though I know not why. I long, yet dread, to open the packet, for it seems as if my destiny must be an appalling one, when I reflect on all my mother said and suffered."

"Have no such alarming fears," replied the anxious Benladdi, rising and seating himself beside her. "Whatever your fate may be, mine is inseparably connected with it; but banish all fear from your tender bosom: your mother has only exacted from you, some difficult pilgrimage, or penance, which I can surely make light by my aid and sympathy."

"Of your childhood I know nothing; I once asked your mother for some account of your father, and his tribe, but her extreme agitation alarmed me; on recovering her composure, she exclaimed, 'Ask me not of my people, ask me not from whence I came. I wear, by the God who made me, that I am innocent, miserable as I am and ever shall be on earth. My sufferings will soon end, and with this loved one, our race is extinct.' She then pressed you to her bosom, in uncontrollable agony. How one so lovely, so blameless and holy, could be so miserable, I never could divine. Even your carresses, innocent and engaging as you was, never brought a smile to her countenance. And when you grew

older, and hovered round her like a guardian angel, she would turn from you, and weep."

"I never," said Zeluma, saw a smile on my mother's face; though I have often, very often, seen her pale cheek wet with tears. Of my home," she continued, "I have no recollections. My mother was, I have reason to suppose, carried away captive, before I was born; but she never allowed me to speak of the past—and though I was her all, and she evidently doted on me, there were moments when I thought the sight of me was loathsome and revolting to her. The two last years of her life, she was more composed and happy; for she devoted herself to the service of God, and generally appeared calm, except when something agitated her, and brought on those dreadful paroxysms of agony. The last she had was in the temple. I think she must have seen a spirit, for she gazed on the door, where a loathsome leper had presented himself for purification, until her eyes seemed bursting their sockets; her face was livid, her hands were pressed upon her bosom, she screamed for me to fly. 'Tis not time yet my loved one—not yet—fly—fly—touch not—' She could not finish the sentence, for her tongue, clove to her stiffened mouth, and she fell into strong convulsions—They carried her home, but she never rose from her bed again; and while she was dying, I made a solemn vow, neither to love, or to marry, until I had read what the packet contained, which I was to open on the day I was eighteen. A few hours after I received it, she expired. That I have endeavored to keep that vow most faithfully, you, Benladdi, will, I think, acknowledge. If I have not kept it as strictly as I ought," continued the maiden, blushing and hesitating, while she bent over the flowers that surrounded her, and murmured almost to herself, "my sin has been involuntary."

Benladdi caught her to his bosom—"Have no fear Zeluma; thou art as innocent and lovely as even thy mother could desire."

The maiden freed herself from his embrace, and rising, said, "It is time for the evening banquet. To-morrow, at the same hour, I will meet you here. Till then, farewell."

She went slowly up the avenue, and Benladdi looked on her with admiration, as she stood on the last step of the portico and waved her hand. Her face was pale, but the setting sun lent its red glow to her cheek, and showed the tears, like brilliants, trembling on her raven lashes; while the smile, that played round her mouth, seemed chased away by some thought she could not control. Benladdi stood lost in reflection, until summoned to the banquet.

The next day was bright and lovely. Splendid preparations were made for the approaching festival, and Benladdi's heart exulted in the hope that it would be closed by his bridal: long before sunset, the happy youth was pacing his beautiful garden. He watched the setting sun, heard the evening sacrifice announced, but Zeluma came not. Impatient and weary, he called aloud and repeatedly for the Jewish maiden. Another answered his call. "Tell Zeluma," said he, "that Benladdi waits for her in the garden." The messenger returned with the intelligence that the maiden had gone to a far country, to fulfil a vow, and had left this writing for her master. Benladdi tore it open with anxious curiosity, and read:—

"That I have broken my vow, and loved you, with an ardor of which until this agonizing moment, I was totally unconscious, I will acknowledge; for I promised that on this day you should know my heart—and may God forgive me for slighting the dying wishes of my mother! But, noblest and kindest of men, farewell forever! Between us there is an impassable gulf; we meet no more, until we rest on Abraham's bosom."

ZELUMA.

The agony and grief of Benladdi, cannot be told. Months passed, and found him still wretched and solitary, for he avoided all society; and as he paced his neglected garden, where the flowers now grew in tangled mazes, and the dried leaves covered the paths, he would murmur, "had she died in my arms, I could have said, 'it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good; but thus to leave me, and go perhaps to danger and to death, to fulfil the vow extorted, I fear, by a maniac? Zeluma, you have broken my heart and your own."

The unhappy youth searched Jerusalem and its environs in vain; and, after a year of useless wanderings, returned to his home, sick and sorrowful. In a few months, he gave his princely income for the sacrifices and services of the Temple, and taking the advice of the physician who attended him, travelled towards the sea. Its pure breeze seemed to have invigorated him, and he journeyed onward to Damascus. As he traversed the gay and busy streets, his heart felt like lead in his bosom. The populous city, with its eager and thoughtless throngs passing by in utter unconsciousness,

brings to the desolate wanderer, a keener sense of loneliness, than the silent forest or the barren strand.

Soon weary of the noise and din, he took up his abode in a retired spot on the banks of the Abana, where he often wandered, to think of the lost Zeluma, regardless of the beauties around him, or the travellers who passed and re-passed before him. One morning, he was accosted by a reverend Rabbi with, "The blessing of God be on thee, my son! Are you journeying to Mount Hermon?"

"No, father, I am a pilgrim in search of health and peace."

"The wise, my son, do not bow down; they will not be prostrated by sorrow: they gird up their loins of strength, and say, 'My trust is in God, who made Heaven and Earth, and I will not be cast down.' Joseph, son of Benladdi, let not the love of a woman, a weak, frail daughter of Eve, destroy thee in the full maturity of thy strength. Be not slain Benladdi, with the piercing of an eye, though it may be brighter than the flash of thy scymetar. Let not thy soul melt at the music of a voice, though that voice be sweeter than the harp of David."

Benladdi looked with surprise on the face of the speaker, and a slight flush spread over his pallid cheek.

"Is it Omri, of Jerusalem, who speaks to me?"

"I am Omri, and have seen thee often in the Temple, where I yet trust I shall see thee chosen vessel of honor, for thou wilt not waste thy life in useless sorrow."

"I would fain forget my griefs, father; but I am the last of my race, and shudder to think that I shall sink into the grave, with none to mourn over me and call me blessed."

"The world, Benladdi, is full of sons and daughters; take children for thee, from the poor and wretched. The time is coming when Jerusalem will need the aid of the good; for the proud scorner and the covetous are shaking her cornerstones and undermining her walls."

"Never, father, has Jerusalem stood so high, or been so great and glorious. Our good king is blessed of Jehovah, and the world lauds him to the skies. Surely, father, your fears are groundless!"

Omri shook his head. "Do you see that stream that sparkles far towards Mount Hermon? Of whom does the Abana remind you?"

"Of one," said Benladdi, "whose race is, I hope, extinct; of the wicked Gehazi."

"Jerusalem," said Omri, laying his hand impressively on the arm of Benladdi, "has her Gehazis now, who would take talents and changes of raiment, though God thundered his displeasure from between the cherubim. Her pride is at its height, her iniquities are almost accomplished. Young men, waste not thy time and the faculties God has given thee for his glory, in useless lamentations; there are many in the world, who are pierced with sorrows, that walk in the counsels of God with a perfect heart. Go with me to the mountains, and I will show you a holy man, who though but an infant in years, and just sinking into the grave, spends his life in prayer and good works. Many fainting travellers, many dying sinners, have been relieved by him; and his simple roots are shared with the meanest beggar."

"Who is this pious youth, father?"

"No one knows who he is, or from whence he came; but many will rise up and call him blessed, short as his pilgrimage has been."

"How shall I find him, father?"

"I shall return to Jerusalem," said Omri, "in a few days, and will take thee with me, to hear the words of wisdom from the lips of youth, if thou wilt promise to rouse thyself. Remember, my son, the angel of death will not wait for thee; thou hast but one life to improve. Has the earth no enjoyment but love? 'Wisdom hath builded her house.' God invites you to enter, and survey the wonders of his creation; but you slight the wishes of your Maker, to die before an idol."

"I will give myself to thy guidance, father," said Benladdi; "thou shalt not find me slothful in spirit, or covetous in desires."

"Then farewell, my son, until the full moon, when I will go with thee to Mount Hermon."

Omri came as he had promised; and they journeyed pleasantly, until they reached the wildest part of the mountains.

Benladdi looked around him with surprise. The scene was new to him, and he expressed his astonishment that human beings should choose such wild and dreary solitudes. "Surely, father, a good man might be more useful among his fellow men."

"True, my son, and but few are willing to remain with no society but the sufferers—no reward but their prayers. It is only once in many generations that even an holy man is found willing to live and die in solitude. But we are near the cavern of the hermit."

As they climbed the hill, they met two travellers who had visited the holy man, and thought him too ill to remain alone; but as he desired they would not watch by him, or remain in the cavern, they had left him to repose; after receiving his blessing and his prayers.

"This," said Benladdi, as they entered a low recess or cave in the rock, "is a fitting home for a fox or a jackall, but not for man."

"Softly, my son," said Omri; "we will not disturb him, if he sleeps."

They entered in silence. Omri had struck a light, which

he shaded carefully, and they stood beside a sleeping youth, wrapt in a robe of coarse cloth, on a bed of leaves in a corner of the cavern. His face was concealed by his arm, which was bare, his large sleeve having fallen off to the shoulder; and Benladdi thought, as he gazed on that beautifully delicate hand, half hid as it was by the raven locks of a perfectly formed head, that it was indeed a youth, and one too of rare loveliness. The arm was so wasted, so small and thin, that it seemed but a shadow; while the ashy lip and labored respiration told of the suffering, even in sleep, of that tender form.

"Watch by him," whispered Omri: "he will die without aid, and there is nothing here, not even a cup of water. I will," said he, as he moved away, "be with you as soon as possible."

Benladdi experienced an awe by no means grateful to his feelings, when he found himself alone with a dying stranger; and when he saw him move convulsively, with a deep groan, he trembled excessively. The sleeper pressed his hands to his bosom, and, murmuring the name of Benladdi, started up. Their eyes met. For one moment, love, hope and joy seemed to illumine those sunken eyes, and glow like a rich sunlight over that wan and woe-worn countenance; the next, the eye-lid had fallen on the pallid cheek—a faint groan of inward agony trembled on those quivering lips, whilst a slight convulsive shudder shook that wasted form—and Zeluma sunk lifeless upon the bosom of Benladdi!

When Omri returned, he was amazed to find Benladdi kneeling with the lifeless body pressed madly to his heart.

"Separate us not yet, father," said he, as Omri attempted to remove it. "Oh that I could warm this pallid form to life in my bosom! Look—look, my father," he continued mournfully, "and wonder not at my devotion, for she was as beautiful as wise. Look at my Zeluma!" He placed the stiffening form on the leafy bed, and, lifting the curls from her polished brow, pressed his lips to it in an agony of grief.

The bewildered Omri strove to revive the lifeless body; but the slender tie that bound her bruised spirit to existence, was broken forever.

Finding it impossible to persuade the stricken youth to leave the lovely form, the embarrassed priest concluded to go himself for aid, either to remove or bury it; and laying his hand tenderly on the head of Benladdi, for whom he felt the deepest concern, he said, "It is the Lord, my son, let him do what seemeth to him good."

The mourner started at these words, and, looking expressively at Omri, hid his face in his robe and wept.

"Since it is thy wish, my son, to remain here, I will leave thee and seek some assistance. 'It is best to bury our dead out of our sight.'"

When Omri, after several hours' absence, returned with assistance, he found him still hanging over the body, though he resigned it immediately to his care, and left the cavern for a hut to which he was directed by the kind priest.

When their melancholy task was accomplished, Omri came to Benladdi, bringing a small packet which he had found concealed among some wearing apparel. "I know nothing of its contents, my son; but pray God it may contain some balm to thy wounded spirit."

Benladdi opened the papers, and read as follows:

"ZELUMA—dear, unfortunate Zeluma—my loved and lost one—how can I communicate the dreadful truth without breaking thy innocent heart! It must be told—I feel that thou must know that thou art the last of an accursed race.—Yes, loved and lovely as thou art, Zeluma, thy father was a descendant of Gehazi; and ere twenty summers have passed over thy head, thou wilt be a leper as white as snow."

Benladdi started, and exclaimed, "Wise and noble and generous even to death wert thou, oh my Zeluma, innocent victim to a guilty sire!"

"You may wonder, my child, that I did not make this appalling communication myself. Had I lived, I should; but I felt that it was wise to keep it from you as long as possible, that you might enjoy the little span allowed you. How many times, my Zeluma, have I longed to destroy you! How often, when an innocent child you slept in my arms, has my hand been pressed upon your tender bosom, to stop the beating of your loving heart! But thank God, I did not do the deed, though you can never know the agony, the horror of those moments. You must hear something of your mother's early life, that you may understand why she became the wife of a leper. When your father came to my country, I was an orphan; young, rich and beautiful, though proud as the builders of Babel. He, too, was young and lovely to behold; he was called brave and noble. I thought I should be the wife of a great warrior; and, though he was a stranger from a far country, I married him. Before six moons passed, he was a loathsome leper! Imagine, if possible, the anguish of my heart, when I tried every physician and every healing art in vain. I hung over him with the tenderest care. Loathsome as he was, I loved and pitied him, for I thought him virtuous. I implored him without ceasing to present himself to the priest; but he refused. At last, weary with my importunity, and enraged with the disease, he looked fiercely upon me, and said with a bitter smile, 'Poor fool! can the priest wash away the curse of the prophet? Know, for your misery, and my eternal anguish, that I am descended from Gehazi!'"

"I heard him, and fell lifeless to the floor. For weeks, I was a maniac. When I recovered, my whole soul seemed

changed. I looked upon my wretched husband with loathing and disgust. But it was not the leprosy of the body that caused the change. No—no. I could have nursed him with the truest affection, could have loved him, though all the world had left him in horror, had not his soul been more leprous than his body. Had he, before my marriage, told me of the curse entailed upon him—had he thrown himself upon my mercy, and implored my pity, and I in the madness of my devotion had united my fate to his, I would have shared it without a murmur, bitter and dreadful as it was. But to feel that I had been basely and cruelly deceived—to feel that the same covetous spirit that destroyed his ancestor, was the leading principle of all his actions—to feel that I was degraded and ruined by my union with one who deserved his fate, was maddening! I was prostrated, mortified, thrown into the mire, but not humbled. Instead of reproaching myself for my folly in thus hastily uniting myself to a stranger, I instantly reproached my husband; and when I found I should soon give another being to a life of wretchedness, I fled, determined to wander in the desert, until death released me from my sufferings. I was taken by a party of Arabs, and sold as a slave. You, my beloved, was born in bondage. War broke out in the territory, and by its chances we were thrown into the household of Benladdi. It was under his hospitable roof that I was taught to look into my own heart, and see myself as I was—that I learnt that it was leprous with pride, which God alone could wash away."

"Arraign not, my child, the wisdom of Jehovah, nor murmur at his decrees; a thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday. The family of Gehazi deserved their fate. You, my love, are the only innocent victim, and think not to escape. When at eighteen, you look upon your charms with proud satisfaction; know that at twenty, those charms will vanish, and you become a leper! But fear not. Die, the last of the accursed race, and you will die happy! Farewell, until we meet in heaven."

Your heart-broken MOTHER."

Benladdi went to Jerusalem with Omri, and devoted himself to the service of God in the Temple; and though his humbled spirit was purified from all earthly affections, he could never read the curse of the Prophet—never repeat the appalling words, "The leprosy therefore, of Naaman, shall cleave to thee and to thy seed forever;" without a shudder of agony.

*2d Kings, v. 27.

From the London Medical and Surgical Journal.

LAWS REGULATING THE RESEMBLANCE OF PROGENY TO PARENTS.

BY ALEXANDER WALKER, ESQ.

There is now to be described a series of facts, which are certainly among the most curious and interesting of those which appear to have escaped the notice of philosophical observers.

This is the more surprising, as it requires but little analytical power to detect them, as, when observed, they appear to be of the simplest description, and as the regularity of their sequence is such as to constitute apparently so many general laws.

These laws regard the mode in which the organization of parents affects that of children, or regulates the organs which each parent respectively bestows.

Among animals, the effects of such laws have been observed to take place, and they constitute the various cross breeds; but the laws themselves, on which these effects depend, have neither been defined, nor have they been applied to, nor observed to operate among, mankind.

It will be observed in the sequel, that these laws indicate pairs of organs, successively corresponding, one to the male and another to the female parent.

The general dependence, however, of all these correspondences upon one is so great, and the general sequence of these resemblances seems so certain, that they appear to tend to one great law, as will be seen in the sequel.

As on the size, form, and proportion of the various organs depend their functions, the importance of such laws is immense, whether we regard intermarriages and the immunity from mental or bodily disease, which, when well directed, they may insure, or the education of children in conformity with their faculties, or the employment of men in society.

Little reasoning, however, shall here be founded on these facts, because it might be premature; and such reasoning as is appended, will assume no hypothetical data at the expense of truth, for we have seen, in the mystic doctrines of phrenology, the case with which the assumption of a great number of insulated organs may be made deceptively to account for any habit of life.

If, then, one parent communicate the anterior part of the head, the other will be found to communicate the posterior part.

The parent giving the anterior part of the brain, appears also to give the upper middle part.

The parent giving the posterior part of the brain, appears also to give the lower middle part.

These include the very few great, yet simple organs, on which all mental phenomena depend; and we have not here,

as in phrenology, minute and mysterious, but great and easily explicable organs.

The form of the eye appears to accompany that of the forehead.

The form of the ear appears to accompany that of the back-head.

The form of the teeth and the tone of the voice appear generally to accompany the form of the forehead.

The form of the under lip appears generally to accompany that of the back-head.

The form of the face, considered generally, appears to accompany that of the forehead.

The form of the cerebel, or organ of volition, and the whole figure which that organ influences, appear to accompany that of the back-head, even to the fingers, toes, and nails.

Not merely the ear and under lip, but the appetites, the digestive, the respiratory, and glandular organs, including the structure of the skin, appear to accompany the back-head, or, I believe, it would be more accurate to say the lower middle part of the head, which accompanies the back-head.

As, in the face, the form of the teeth and all the osseous parts appears to accompany that of the forehead, while the form of the most muscular part, the under lip accompanies that of the back-head; it is not quite certain that, in the figure, the osseous parts do not accompany the forehead, while the muscular parts alone may accompany the back-head.

It hence appears, that the forehead, the upper middle part of the head, and the face, except the under lip, go together; and that the back-head, the lower middle part of the head, the ear, the under lip, the general figure, even to the fingers, toes, and nails, as well as the digestive, respiratory, and secreting organs, including the skin, accompany each other.

In every case it will be found, that, along with the forehead, &c., go the functions of sensation and observation, and along with the back-head, those of passion and volition. It is unnecessary to enter here into any theory of the mind, with which this fact is connected. Being a fact, it is better that it should stand alone, and depend for its verification on the further observations of every inquirer. It must, however, be borne in mind as necessary to understanding the sequel.

A good drawing of the head of Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and their son, in some measure illustrates these laws, as it shows the son to have the forehead and general face of the mother, but the under lip of the father, while Napoleon himself testifies as to his son having his "great head."

Every observer, however, has the power of verifying these facts in nature.

With this view, the following scheme of the apparently dependent organs may be drawn out in two columns, over one of which may be written the word "mother," and over the other, the word "father."

A copy of this scheme should be used in examining each child; and the organs of the father or mother respectively, which the child does not possess, may be crossed out.

Name or initials of Child.	
MOTHER.	FATHER.
Forehead	Forehead
Back-head	Back-head
Upper middle part	Upper middle part
Under middle part*	Under middle part
Eyes	Eyes
Ears	Ears
Teeth	Teeth
Under lip	Under lip
Face	Face
Figure	Figure
Chest	Chest
Limbs	Limbs
Fingers, toes, nails	Fingers, toes, nails
Appetites	Appetites
Digestive system, &c.	Digestive system, &c.
Skin	Skin

A knowledge of these laws is of great importance in determining the parentage of a child.

*Thousands of doubtful cases occur, in consequence of the face presenting little resemblance to one of the parents, and from other causes which may really or seemingly corroborate this one.

These laws, however, show that the lineaments of the other parent will always be discovered in the figure, &c.

Here it must be observed, that the doubts arising from this want of resemblance in the face, would much more frequently occur, were it not that, along with the form of the back-head, which the other parent imparts, go the common appetites, sympathies, and passions, which bind them together as insensibly as surely.

This explains why the parent is generally more attached to the child which is least resembled in face.

The importance of these laws in the guidance of education is not less obvious; for it is evident that they not only indicate the capacity of the child, but corroborate this by all the parent's own experience, whence he will naturally seek eagerly to profit in the person of his child.

A knowledge of these laws, in the case of all intermarriages, is evidently of great importance, though a very narrow and mistaken interest will lead to their neglect.

*That is, the temple and over the ear.

A moment's reflection will show, that the proportion which exists between these parts in the heads of parents, must be nearly decisive of the character of their progeny; and that if these parts be feeble in both parents, they must also be so in the offspring. Hence the perpetually increasing degeneracy of aristocratic families, in whom none of the intellectual organs are improved and strengthened by incessant action, but, on the contrary, dwindle away, as do all bodily organs, by entire inactivity.

An extreme case will render the importance of these laws more obvious and impressive. Suppose mental incapacity or aberration to exist in a slight degree, in consequence of defect or excess of any of the great portions of the brain alluded to; and on this, it will generally be found to depend.

The most prejudiced will not dispute, that in this case, if marriage be inevitable, its victim should have the very opposite structure.

A little reflection on the same law of descent will show that a son can resemble his father only in half his organization. It similarly follows, that on this son intermarrying, he may not communicate to the grandson the share which he has in his father's, but that which he has in his mother's, conformation.

Thus, one half the father's organization must be lost in the son, and the other half my disappear in the grandson, so that the latter shall not have the slightest degree of the organization nor the slightest resemblance to his grandfather.

Hence it follows, that a man may not have the slightest interest, physical or moral, in his second or third generation.

On how slender a basis, then, are founded the claims of hereditary descent; the certainty that the son must have a very partial resemblance to the father, that the grandson may have none, and that every probability is against subsequent generations having the slightest.

But if all this be the case, it must be obvious of what vast importance are the facts previously announced.

It is remarkable that, in the propagation of resemblance from parents to progeny, the mental organs should be divided; one parent giving one portion, namely, those of sensation and observation—and the other parent giving the other portion, namely, those of passion and volition, while the intermediate middle part is also divided. Thus the mental-faculties are equally derived from both parents; but, as indicated by the preceding laws, the parent giving passion and volition, gives apparently the vital, and part, at least, of the locomotive functions, which chiefly depend on passion and volition.

Hence arises the four simplest combinations of character in the children of one family; the paternal organs of sensation and observation with the male sex—the maternal organs of passion, volition, &c. with the male sex—the maternal organs of passion, &c. with the female sex.

When, moreover, it is considered how much the combination of functions are causes of modification, as in the case of different sex with similar features, it will easily be seen to what infinite variety of aspect, in the same family, this must lead.

Thus briefly sketched, the author submits this doctrine to the test of public observation. He has no fear that it will not be applied to it. The subject is too interesting, and its results too important, not to ensure this.

It is not, however, pretended that these laws are traced with perfect accuracy, or that they are the whole of those which regulate the resemblance of progeny to parents; for there appear occasional exceptions to them, especially as to the teeth, ears, nails, and some subordinate parts, as well as various modifications of all of them, which are at present unaccountable to the writer. To this, indeed, the great variety of countenance in the same family may, in a great measure, be due. Some important principles, therefore, may still, perhaps, escape observation.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man who wasted in two or three years a large patrimony, in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates calling themselves his friends, till his means were exhausted, when they of course, treated him with neglect or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life; but, wandering awhile almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought, a number of hours, at the end of which, he sprang from the ground with a vehement exulting motion. He had formed his resolution, which was that all these estates should be his again; he had formed his plan too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it was ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of a cart, on the pavement before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labor; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer; and went with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile em-

ployments, of longer or shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he had gained after a considerable time, money to purchase in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily but cautiously turned his first gains into second advantages; retained without a single deviation his extreme parsimony; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life; but the final result was that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth sixty thousand pounds. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary effect, which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.—*Foster's Essays.*

COURAGE AND FIDELITY OF A DOG.—Some winters back, in a part of the vast forest that stretches along the upper Norwegian frontier, two gentlemen were revelling—one a native, the other an Englishman. They had gone in the day many weary miles through the waste of snow and forest, when climbing a steep ascent, some two hours ride from the place of destination, they left their sledge and walked, thereby relieving the horse, and at the same time stretching their own cramped limbs. A large dog, (a cross of the bull and mastiff, and English born) trotted slowly at their heels, and appeared to share with their solemnity, which the monotonous gloom of a winter forest never fails to cast over even the most volatile disposition. Having attained the hill top, the travellers at the moment of re-entering their sledge, perceived a wolf of gigantic size following in their track. They dragged the dog, who was a great favorite, into the sledge with them, and put the horse to his full speed. As, by inconceivable imprudence, they had ventured unarmed in the forest, their only chance of safety was flight, and, while the descent was in their favor, they outstripped their pursuer; but the horse though winged by fear, as his dropped ears and quivering limbs too plainly told, was already jaded: he slackened his speed, and faint and trembling, he staggered feebly onward, his strength rapidly deserting him. One only resource now remained; which was to slip the dog, who might possibly hold the wolf in check, sufficient time to allow of their escape. However reluctant to consign the poor animal to certain death, self-preservation forced them to adopt this last and only expedient. The wolf was within a few yards when they loosed him, and instantly the two had grappled, and rolled struggling on the snow. As if he knew that life was at stake, the horse now sprang desperately, and never paused in his career until he fell, exclaiming, in the court yard of —. That night, while in ease and security, the travellers were forgetting their danger, a faint moan was heard at the gate. It was the dog. Covered with blood and wounds, the faithful creature crawled to his master's feet and expired. The wood was searched next morning; and in a spot where the upturn snow attested the length and fierceness of the conflict, the wolf was found dead. He was the largest seen in those parts within the memory of man.

We only begin to know how to live, when we know how to measure ourselves with subjects; that is to say, to proportion our attachment and their application to their importance. It is thus, we avoid too great an indifference for great things, and too great an ardor for small ones.—*Thibault.*

[We have extracted the beautifully written Introductory Address to the Token for 1834. It is from the pen of Rev. Orville Dewey of New- Bedford.]

"So shifting and so various is the plan,
By which Heaven rules the mixed affairs of man;
Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud;
Business is labor, and man's weakness such,
Pleasure is labor too, and tires as much."—*COWPER.*

The season for presenting to the public our Annual Token, may justify some reflections, perhaps of a more sombre cast, than are usually expected in such a publication.

If the reflections shall seem to be more sad than wise, if the picture shall appear to be too dark, if the representation, indeed, shall appear to be a shade in the picture of human life, and not the whole picture, let it be freely confessed, that the intention is to make it such. It cannot be amiss to look at life in its parts; to take our impression sometimes from its brighter, and sometimes from its darker features; to yield to the varying moods of passing seasons and circumstances.

A year of changes has brought us to that epoch, which, as we mark it down in our tablets, emphatically reminds us, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." The "happy new year" season, as it is of pleasure and felicitation, celebrated with festival and song, is yet a striking and solemn memento; and he must be dull, indeed, who can write, for the first time, the number that designates it, without a passing touch at least, of serious emotion. It reminds him how far he has gone up, in the scale of the dread century's

progress; what a floating atom he is upon the tide of passing ages; and how soon the frail records of time, which he strews like leaves upon the dark wave, will be swallowed up forever. It is a memento of change, of instability, of uncertainty; of weary labors, of unsatisfying pursuits, of social bereavements, of a world whose fashion passeth away. Let it be true that it is a memento of other things; our present design and mood lead us to say, that it is a memento of these.

As we gather up the confused impressions of the past, as the great scene of worldly toil, and turmoil, and vicissitude passes in review before us; as we meditate upon the many things, the many events, which seem as if they revolved in eternal circles, tending to nothing, and producing nothing, we are ready to exclaim with the ancient preacher, "all things are full of labor; man cannot utter it. The sun ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he rose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whisteth about continually: and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full: into the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

Thus is revolution, change, instability, written upon all things. The law is impressed on every varying form of nature. It is taught in the revolving skies. It comes up from the heaving depths of ocean. It is proclaimed in the convulsions of the earth. It is whispered in the stirring of the elements. The seasons change. The secret powers of nature are ever at work, and every instant are producing new forms, new combinations, new appearances. If we repose and rest, every thing is in motion about us; and the world in which we wake is no longer the world in which we slept. If thought passes in its busy career, or recreates itself with idle and airy visions, yet nature's mighty work goes on; the circulating air, the rolling ocean, the springing or the decaying plant, the waving forest, the flowing river, the bursting fountains, are all undergoing momentary changes.

The elements, too—what a visitation of mystery and change, of mingled violence and gentleness, is theirs! Fair visions of beauty and life, sweet and silent eloquence distilling, as the dew, soft breathings of balmy odors and heavenly melodies, spread themselves through all our senses, like the invisible wind swaying the chords of an Æolian harp. But rougher touches proclaim other and sterner uses. The elements minister discipline with pleasure. They often incommode; they sometimes alarm us. We are during a considerable portion of our lives, suffering from the inconveniences of climate, and the incessant changes of nature; panting in the heats of summer, or shivering amidst the chills of winter, drenched with the rain, or parched with the drought; our footsteps weary in the day time, or stumbling in the darkness of night. And often, too, the earthly pilgrim's path lies through storm and tempest, through dangers by flood and fire, through whirlwinds and tornadoes, through regions ploughed by the thunder of heaven, and the volcano of earth; where the lightning flashes, and the earthquake rends; where those tokens are of Almighty power, at which "the dwellers in the uttermost parts of the earth are afraid."

And thus it is, that in the very processes of nature, powers are at work, and results are produced, which in some form, and at some time or other, proclaim to all men their insecurity, and from which all human safeguards are vain.—There are vicissitudes, from which riches, if we had them, can purchase no immunity, and from which sagacity, though we were ever so wise, can invent no escape; vicissitudes which alike confound knowledge and ignorance, and baffle strength and imbecility.

Man's task, too, in the toiling world, when he makes himself but a part of that world; man's task—what is it but motion, action, change, forever returning upon itself; a ceaseless revolution which never carries him beyond the circle of his absolute or artificial necessities? And from these necessities moreover, there is no exemption. Every human hand is stretched out to procure something that is wanted, or to ward off something that is feared. The case even of boundless wealth, furnishes no exception to this law, for it brings in equal proportion, the care of preserving and the fear of losing it. And then, for the mass of mankind, behold the scene of their labors and behold the result. Behold factories multiply, establishments increase, engines, inventions lend their assistance; behold the earth and ocean vexed with human toil, and the ten thousand wheels of commerce busy, and for what? To obtain for man repose? No; but to procure relief; to meet the demands, no matter whether real or factitious, barely to meet the demands of necessity. All the energies of life are wasted, and to what end? barely to live. All the possessions of life are accumulated, and to what purpose? to be cared for, to be borne about with us for a little season, then to be laid aside like the habiliments of a weary day. The entire physical energies of life are put in requisition to support life; and at last, they fail even of that; so that there is not only perpetual toil, but toil which in the end is fruitless and unavailing.

Is the condition of the world within, or the mental world, any better? We are speaking, indeed, of the world as it is, and not as it should be; of the world of the many, and not of the few; is it any better governed, or brought to any better account, than the world of man's fortunes and toils? The inward world is as truly as the outward, a world of changes.—It is, indeed, more variable and restless, more fluctuating than

the sea, more wayward than the wind that bloweth where it listeth. Its workings are more unweary than all the instruments of toil, in all the toiling hands; or all the swift and untiring engines of industry. Every feeling is desire, or is satiety. Every passion is inflamed with pursuit, or pained with excess. Every mind, in the worldly crowd, is either hurrying in the swift career of exertion, or is pausing, weary, unquiet, unsatisfied at the goal of attainment. Success is a stimulus to greater efforts; disappointment an apology for complaints and lamentations. The condition of pleasure is never to have enough; of pain, alas! ever to have too much. Ambition sees more than it can gain; discouragement sees nothing that it can gain. Wealth has cares; poverty has necessities, and it is sometimes difficult to tell whether the cares or the necessities are the greater burden, and occasion the greater disquietude; and whether the pride of wealth or the murmuring of poverty is the less easy and comfortable disposition.

What state of mind, or of the affections, then, is there, whether deserved or deprecated, that may not minister to our annoyance, if that holy principle which brings satisfaction and strength and harmony to the soul, be wanting.—Knowledge may perplex our curiosity and ignorance disturb our fear. Mediocrity of talent, failure in a profession, is commonly considered as an occasion of intolerable disquietude; but inferiority itself is no more agitating than the situation of a proud man, exalted in the public opinion, and obliged to satisfy the demands made upon an idolized reputation. Or will you look at the affections, and at the tenure and condition upon which they hold all the treasures of this imperfect state. What we value and highly prize, at some time or other distresses us; and what we dislike, of course, disturbs us. If we have friends, we are anxious: if we have them not we are forlorn. If we have hopes we are agitated, if we have not hopes we are depressed. If we desire, we want; and wanting, we are uneasy. If we do not desire, we despair, and despairing, we are miserable. Nay our very passions, however gratified, and our earthly possessions, though to the full, of themselves, sometimes create the keenest sense of dissatisfaction and want.

Wilt thou turn, thou that seekest rest! from the conflicting elements of nature, from the toils of the body and the mind, to society? Wilt thou rely upon its connections, its ties of friendship and love? How frail is thy reliance! Here, too, are vicissitudes. Change which passes upon every thing else, passes also upon the world of society.

It falls to the lot of but few among us, to feel in the full extent, this circumstance of vicissitude in society, for it is the lot only of a few, to live till they have seen the great course of human affairs pass by them, and themselves monuments of things that have been, rather than partakers of the things that are. But if any would understand how truly we ascribe vicissitude to this life, let his appeal be to such one; ask the aged man, as he walks with cautious and feeble steps, in the paths, and among the abodes of a departed generation. He may not say with the ancient patriarch, "few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," for his was a life of many and peculiar afflictions. But "what changes," will he say, "have there been in the years of my life! How many things have come and gone like the fluctuations of a troubled dream. Where are many with whom I began life, where are they—the strong, the resolute, the generous, the good? Gone! gone! Prayers could not bring them back to me; I wept for them, but I could not save them; my love clung to them, but the power that changes all was mightier than I."

Mark the simplest indications of an old man's feelings as he walks abroad with you. He points you to a dwelling, but it is to tell you of things that were there, and are not. He walks over fair acres, but it is only to remind you that the possession has passed to other hands. It is this feeling that things are no longer as they once were; that nothing here can be relied on, which gives much of its sobriety, its tone of distrust and moderation, to the mind of an aged man. He feels that he lives amidst the relics of change, amidst the tombs of the departed.

So it is with families. They rise, they flourish, only to be dispersed, to decline, to pass away! One day, all was life and activity; the vigor of youth and the promise of early hope. Some were rushing forward into the busy career of life; daughters were given in marriage, and the fond parent said, "my house is established, and I shall never be moved!" Another came; the same sun rose in heaven, to shine upon their dwelling; but whither have its inmates fled? They wandered, and were forgotten; they sickened and died; or their abundance became impoverishment to them; pride and independence were steps to indulgence and shame; they descended from the high paths of honor and virtue, till their name sank below the undistinguished mass, to be a by-word and a reproach. And assuredly never yet did the sun arise upon a living scene of prosperity, but will arise another day to shine upon its ruins, or upon its grave!

And death itself! the last change, great seal of mutability, consummation of earthly vicissitudes; death! what a change is that! How amazing! how mysterious! The passing, the indivisible instant, as if it were an infinite space, separates and parts asunder to their boundless extremes, moving and busy life, and the still and silent tomb; life with all its mighty energies, and death with its deep and dread

insensibility. An instant passes, and "lo! the wheel at the cistern is broken," and ten thousand wheels in living motion stop: and all the complicated and wonderful mechanism of animated being, becomes, on the instant, cold and impassive clay. It moves no more, it thinks, it feels no more; it is no more than the senseless clod beneath our feet. An instant passes, and what a change! The heart that glowed with affection, is cold and unconscious; the tongue, that but an instant before, gave utterance to meaning words, is still and insensible; the countenance, where expression breathed over every feature, is a marble image; and the spirit that gazes, as if it were gazing the soul away, through the dying eye; the spirit, but a moment since here, is gone forever! Yes, it is gone. It is not dead; these are not tokens, even to the eye of reason, of the spirit's death; it is not dead, but it is changed. It has gone onward in its course, through the great revolutions of being.—It has gone, where, to the faithful, all revolutions shall be, as they should be here, but the steps of the soul's progress; where vicissitudes shall no more weary or bewilder, but only advance the mind; where change comes not, but in the form of growing improvement; where the years, as they pass shall cast no shadow, but the bright ages of happiness shall roll on forever!

From Cushing's Reminiscences of Spain.

THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AMERICA.—The destiny of the Indian races in Spanish America has been widely and remarkably different from what it is in the United States.—Here the aboriginal nations have little or no physical weight in the progress of events, and are scattered, in the weak tribes, over the face of the land withering and dwindling daily before the overpowering beams of civilization. There they constitute a large and important element in the population, aggregated into powerful masses, capable by themselves alone of exerting a decided influence upon affairs, and holding, whether as independent communities, or as the subjects of the Spanish Americans, a rank in the scale of public estimation, from which no conceivable change of dynasties or governments can cast them down, and possessing importance which the late revolution has powerfully contributed to strengthen and perpetuate.

Of the independent nations, like the Araucos, the Abiponians, and the various other tribes in the vast interior regions of the continent, who have never bowed the neck under the Spanish yoke, the spirit, vigor and numbers are well known to be far from contemptible. The possession of that noble animal, the horse, especially, by bestowing pastoral habits on the wanderers of the immense savannahs of the South, has communicated an energy and a power of forcible and rapid impression to the movement of the Indians, through the means of which, should they ever become concentrated by any common point of union, they would infinitely surpass in barbaric splendor, the achievements of the ancient Peruvians, and Mexicans. With these Arabs of the West, compare the Creeks, Cherokees and other tribes in the United States, who hemmed in by our fixed population, have no resources but either to adopt the manners of their civilized neighbors, to be gradually extinguished, or to fly with the feeble remnants of their might, beyond the Mississippi; and how striking is the relative consequence of the South Americans! These nomadic nations, therefore, who sweep the verdant plains of the South, on steeds tameless and swift as the winds, uniting the errent propensities of the Indian hunter and the Tartar horseman, are peculiar objects of interest to the philosophic observer of events intrinsic to America.

But other portions of the Indian population are fast attaining importance from quite different causes. Among these are the Peruvians: and the observation may serve as an apology for now rescuing from unmerited oblivion, some of the obscure incidents of their political history. They have been a despised and an oppressed race. The hand of power has fallen heavily upon them in every age, from the days of the conquest, when the lawless bands of Pizarro trampled upon the nation, down through the tyranny of many a provincial autocrat, to the time when Tupa Catari shook the walls of La Paz with the cry of liberty or death, and the limbs of Tupa Amaru were torn asunder by four wild horses. But a ray of hope smiles upon their future prospect. The revolution has raised them, in common with the other degraded castes, from the dust where they had been grovelling for centuries. In a democracy, rank must follow the lead of talent; and in South America, men, of Indian descent, particularly those of mixed blood, begin to learn their consequence from the fortune of war. Mulattoes and mestizos are among the best and bravest soldiers of the revolution; and some of them have arisen upon its stormy waters, to that distinction, which in times of civil commotion, it is impossible to withhold from superior qualities. It may be long ere the multifarious and many-colored classes, which compose the revolutionized countries, will acquire the regular and systematic movement of our own more fortunate land. But whether in peace or in war, in times of discord or of tranquillity, a race of men, which rises to two-thirds of the whole population, which furnishes the laborers, and mans the fleets and armies of a republican country, cannot easily relapse into insignificance or into the state of abject servitude. And a permanent melioration of condition is, therefore, the necessary consequence of the actual position of the Peruvians.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

REVIEW OF GOLDSMITH'S "MARY BLAIZE."

[We have already expressed a desire to hear frequently from the author of the following effusion; which is certainly written with much liveliness and effect; and is pervaded by a vein of quiet, but yet strong and genuine humor, which cannot be misunderstood.]

"ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS MARY BLAIZE,"
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

"Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize;
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind:
She freely lent to all the poor,
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning:
And never followed wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumbered in her pew,
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux, and more;
The king himself has followed her,
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelve-month more,
She had not died to-day."

This effusion of Goldsmith's genius has never, I think, been duly appreciated. It is not in my power to do justice either to the character portrayed, or to the exquisite manner in which the poet has treated it. Yet in my own heart, I think I can feel some of its inimitable beauty and affecting sadness. Notice the winning confidence of the address—"Good people all." Goldsmith must have had a most amiable, trusting disposition: how benignly he seems to look around on his numerous readers, and as if certain that none of them were otherwise than excellent; he says, "good people all." Well, what does he wish us to do?—To "lament." After such an address, who can refrain from tears? Cold and hard must be that heart, which would not melt at such an appeal. Yes, mourning bard, we will "with one accord, lament;"—Lament, for whom?

History has recorded many great names; names of ambitious warlike men;—"monsters who have plagued the nations;" but not for these are our sympathies requested. Poetry, too, has sung of the noble and chivalrous, and we have loved the gifted creations of romance: but not from amid the countless hosts of these shining ones, has our author selected a theme. He has written of a name at which the earth never trembled; but which many have heard, and heard to love and admire: which we are now called upon to hear, and to weep.

The name is simple as is the song that speaks its bearer's worth—"Mary Blaize." Notice the title prefixed, "Madam," implying that Mary Blaize was no young girl in her teens, whose unformed character and untried virtues gave no safe augury of her future conduct and destiny; but a staid, virtuous matron, probably about forty years of age: a widow too; as no Mr Blaize is mentioned: and if so, she had been perfected by sorrow and purified by adversity. Or her husband might possibly have been living; and the poet from long acquaintance, knowing his inferiority to his admirable wife, delicately forbore to mention him: a delicacy seldom imitated by authors in these days, who love to dwell more on the faults than on the virtues of their hapless subjects.

This poem contains seven verses; and in them, the poet has expressed the lady's five distinguishing characteristics, which follow one another in this order.—First, her Modesty—Second, Benevolence—Third, Affability—Fourth, Piety—Fifth, Beauty and Humility. Then in the sixth verse, he touchingly informs us, that not any or all of these, could save

her from the common lot of mortals: she died, and left us here to mourn. In the last verse, the appeal, "let us lament," is repeated; and the poem concludes in a strain which for delicate pathos has never been surpassed. Let us notice each verse separately; and first observe how beautifully the poet has conveyed to us an idea of her modesty.

"She never wanted a good word,
From those who spoke her praise."

Why, now-a-days, people are not satisfied with whole pages of praise; and the larger the dose of flattery, the more pleasure they receive: but not so with Mrs Mary Blaize: such was her retiring unassuming modesty, that she blushed at a word from the lips of her friends. For observe, the poet does not merely say she detested flattery, but even her due commendations; what was justly and properly hers: she did not wish, no, not even a word! She needed not the applause of the world, to incite her on to deeds of virtue and excellence. The unfading principle of goodness within impelled her to every thing good and noble. Rare creature! would to Heaven, thou hadst not died so soon!

Next, her biographer expatiates on her benevolence.

"The needy seldom passed her door;" that is, they were usually invited to enter. "The long remembered beggar was her guest," as we are told in another place, "and always found her kind." Some have adduced the first line of this verse, as implying that sometimes she was not so charitable. But you will readily perceive this to be a mistake; "the needy seldom passed her door;" as much as to say, the dishonest and wicked alone, were refused admittance into her house. Who can blame her for not receiving into her own pure presence, the vile and worthless? yet the next line expressly says—

"They always found her kind."

Even to such, she did not deny relief, but probably sent ample supplies by her servants.

Goldsmith has the power of conveying a great deal in few words: "multum in parvo." In the next couplet is a beautiful instance of "the rich economy of words halloed with thought."

"She freely" (not only gave, but) "lent to all the poor."

"Who left a pledge behind?" he asks, as if proud in confidence that no one could produce a single instance of her taking a pledge from any person. Methinks I see the pure glow of honorable triumph on his brow, as he reiterates the query, "who left a pledge behind?"—He pauses for a reply. None? then of none has such pledge been taken.

The third verse expresses her affability.

"She strove the neighborhood to please"

The maxim, "Charity begins at home," had with her, its unperverted signification. She not only was amiable and lovely, in her own family, but "strove the neighborhood to please;" how? by improper compliances or flattery?—No! but by "manners wondrous winning." She obeyed the Apostle's injunction, to "live peaceably with all men." Her mildness of temper shone out through her whole demeanor; and all her manner was imbued with the sweetness of her disposition. The two concluding lines of this verse, have been the innocent occasion of contention and dispute. Some have supposed the lines to be a proof of the author's candor.

"She never followed wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning;"

as if he had asserted, "there is none perfect below the sun;" and that Mary Blaize, virtuous and lovely as was her character, was doubtless not exempt from her share of human frailty. But her beauty of character appears more clearly from this very circumstance. Goldsmith did not know what to say, in describing her faults: did not know what they were, perhaps:—so, with infinite humor he remarks—

"She never followed wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning;"

leaving us to gather from his words, that she did wrong sometimes, as does every one: but how, where, or where, not the most attentive scrutiny could detect. Some annotators, however, construe it in this way;—they suppose "Wicked Ways," to be the name of a maid-servant of Mrs Blaize: the expression, "she never followed her," and so forth, they say, implies that she was not one of those miserly or suspic-

ious characters, who take delight in prying into the affairs and conduct of their domestics, and in viewing their every action, with jealous severity. Yet neither on the other hand one of those weak-minded people, who from indecision, tolerate the vices of those around them. No; we have before seen, that in her household, was allowed to remain none but the good. The poet, in a few strong words, informs us, that Mrs Mary Blaize though lenient was not weak. When "Wicked Ways," or in other words, when this chief domestic, or sort of house-keeper was convicted of doing wrong, her mistress narrowly inspected her conduct; followed her with reproof, with entreaties, with advice; and exerted herself to reform her. But as we are not told any thing further of her, it is natural to conclude that she went on in vice, and doubtless ended her days in a prison.

The next verse as we have said, tells us her piety; for it shows her to have been a constant worshipper at church.—The first half of the stanza informs us that she was careful to appear there, dressed with the most scrupulous exactness, and even elegance. There is also, an indirect intimation of her wealth; for her dress is said to be rich and "new." She was not fond of affecting singularity. She wore the "hoop of monstrous size," then so fashionable among ladies of her rank and station. But the latter half of the verse, as it stands in the common version of the poem, is mutilated and "shorn of its beams," and makes perfect nonsense. Just hear it—

"She never slumbered in her pew,
But when she shut her eyes."

Now in the original manuscript the last line contains a question.

"She never slumbered in her pew,
And when shut she her eyes?"

This reading at once restores the passage to its original beauty: making us, at one view, perceive how eagerly she listened to every word of the sermons she heard; seeming intent to improve herself by the good clergyman's discourses; and more!—not only did she follow with her heart and her thoughts, the train of argument from the lips of her spiritual teacher; but from the interest she felt in the subject, as well as from her desire of setting a good example to those around her, she kept her eyes also intently fixed upon him.

In the following stanza of the poem, we are expressly told of her beauty.

"Her love was sought—
By twenty beaux and more;"

either before she married the happy Mr Blaize; or supposing her to be a widow; after his decease. Even royalty itself was struck with her exceeding loveliness.

"The king himself has followed her."

But Madam Blaize walked on before him, not at all elated by so flattering a circumstance, as to be spoken of with admiration by a monarch. She remained the same unassuming person as before. How few can receive the favorable notice of the "mighty upon earth," and still be quiet and humble and lovely!

And now for the sad sequel. She died. The poet tells us,

"The doctors found when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal."

Too late to restore her, they discovered the fatal nature of her disease. Had the knowledge come sooner, this incomparable woman might have been saved. What this mortal disorder was, it is impossible to say; probably some fever or other violent disease which then and there prevailed.

Then the poet breaks forth, in a most thrillingly pathetic strain.

"Let us lament in sorrow sore."

Ah bard, refrain; our hearts full even to overflowing, need no such address to touch us with grief; we do "lament."—But I am becoming too much affected with the sweet solemnity of my theme.—The elegy thus concludes:

"Had she lived a twelve-month more,
She had not died to-day."

As if he would say, "had her life been spared but for one little year, how much would not activity like her's and benevolence so unparalleled, have accomplished." But we mourn in vain: and submission is as becoming as necessary. "We shall all go to her, but she cannot come to us." S. S. J.

OUTRE-MER.

"*Outre-Mer; A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. No. 1.*" Cambridge: Hilliard, Gray & Co.

This little volume is the first of a series of numbers intended to illustrate some of the peculiarities of European manners and customs. These are not made the subject of an exact analysis or minute description, but are interwoven with a tale or portrayed in a character, in such a manner as to surround them (as far as it can be done,) with associations like those, under the influence of which, we view our own manners and customs. Thus, a legend itself stands in place of an essay upon traditions: some of the most pleasing and touching rites are brought home to our feelings through the medium of a pathetic tale, while the mode of travelling and the appearance of the country are clearly sketched in a few graphic descriptions.

Through all these illustrations, the character of the author is constantly breaking forth. We unite in his poetic warmth, as he gazes on the massy towers of the Gothic cathedral or wanders through its "long drawn aisles," dim with the recollections of many centuries: we acknowledge his devotion, as he describes the swelling emotions of the dying Christian whose ear catches for the last time the distant tones of earthly worship; and we feel that his heart is quickened by all the kindly sympathies of our nature, as we read his full and glowing descriptions of the unfettered joys of a village festival and rural sports.

It is, in short, a sketch book of the author's feelings and recollections; and upon opening it, the first impression naturally is, that Irving's celebrated work has suggested the character of this. A few moment's examination, however, will fully show, that the former work has served no further than as the suggestion of genius to genius. They resemble each other, it is true, in the intermingling of descriptions and reflections and tales: they may also be alike in the full and flowing style, that kindles through the purest prose, the enthusiastic warmth of poetry: but here the resemblance ceases, and the train of thought and style and language convince us that the "Outre-Mer" would in all probability have been just what it is, had the "Sketch Book" never been written.

No part of this work is more worthy of remark than the character of its style. This is formed upon the classic models of English literature. It has none of the mysticism that disfigures so large a portion of the works of the day: none of those labored efforts at the description of feelings, whose indistinct expression shows that they have not their source in the heart: but it embodies the thoughts of the writer in a pure and vigorous language, which seems to fall of its own accord into the most harmonious and natural order. It is a limpid stream, which flows on, in an even course, lulling and soothing by its harmonious murmurs, and revealing through its clear waters, the bright sand and pebbles that line its channel.

The descriptions of scenery are copied from Nature's own volume; and with one or two exceptions, are free from those puerile conceits, which are so often dragged into the back ground of a picture. We find, it is true, but few new objects in the catalogue of Nature's charms. The leaf floats down the stream, as of old, and the trim cottage and velvet green and bending tree and carolling bird meet us here, as they have often met us before: but it is with the air of novelty and freshness, like that which renders them so lovely at their own periodical return.

The perusal of a few passages from the "Diligence," from "Jacqueline," from "Lodgings at Auteuil" or from "Père la Chaise," would satisfy those who have examined the work, that if this estimate of its merits be high, it is also just. For myself, I am happy to express the pleasure with which I greet this little volume, as a rich ornament in the rising fabric of American literature. Its author may be congratulated upon his successful entrance into the band of those who are destined to extend the name and literary reputation of their country: to advance the interests and raise the standard of her polite literature, by their productions of true poetic feeling and refined and cultivated taste. It is certainly to be hoped that the reception given to this number, may be such as will encourage the continuance of the work. W.

NIGHT.

'T is evening; aye, a glorious night:
The wakeful stars are in the skies,
And night's refulgent lamp, whose light
Makes the broad heaven, to mortals' sight,
Bright as the Persian's paradise.

'T is autumn; and the garnered sheaf
Bespeaks a waning, dying year;
And, "bright and beautiful, as brief,"
The forest's foliage, every leaf
Is blanched upon its bough, and sere.

'T is autumn; yet this mellow sky,
Rich with the glory of its moon,—
The gentle gale that stealthily by—
The insect's softened minstrelsy—
Remind the heart of merry June:

Of merry June, when opening flowers
Aroma breathed on every gale;
When Beauty sought repose in bowers
That summer garnished, where the hours
Sped swiftly as the hurrying sail.

If e'er the chained soul longs to rise
Above the world which sorrow mars,
To "claim its kindred in the skies,"
Where "tears are wiped from sorrow's eyes,"
Beyond the heaven of glowing stars;

If e'er it feels this house of clay
To keep it from eternal bliss,
In realms of everlasting day,
Where sighs and sadness flee away;
It must be in an hour like this.

For, hushed into the quietude
Which, like a shroud, envelopes earth,
No worldly passions dare intrude;
And no emotions save the good,
Can, in the virtuous breast, have birth.

O! 't were impossible to gaze
Unfeelingly, in such an even,
Upon the moon's soft, silvery rays,
The sentry-star's more brilliant blaze,
The quiet earth, or glorious heaven.

The soul will rise: it cannot lie
Thrall'd in its clayey citadel,
While Nature, in her purest dye,
Bears it to a communion high
With things it ever loveth well.

Hail, lovely night! when thy calm wing
Is bent o'er heaven's celestial blue,
To God the thoughts of worship spring
On eagle pinions; and may "sing
His glory, with devotion due." ATLANTIS.

For the Literary Journal.

"How much is expressed by that form of Oriental benediction,
'May you die among your kindred!'"—GREENWOOD.

O, tell not the stranger, that Southern winds fling
O'er your native vallies, perennial spring;
That morn tips the mountains with mellower hues,
Or eve is more lavish of soft lights and dews:
That the citron and olive their branches entwine,
And bend for the kiss of the clustering vine:
That the eyes of its maidens are lighted by love,
And their hearts are as pure as the spirits above.
O, tell not the stricken, that green flowers here
With a sweet-scented garland encircle the year:
That the sod on his bosom more lightly will lie,
And each breeze wake a wail, and each zephyr a sigh.—
It is not the land of my matrons and sires—
It is not the land of their altars and fires—
It is not the land where my being had birth—
It holds not my kindred nor sweet cottage hearth—
It is not the land where I first learnt to roam—
It is not my country, it is not my home.
What boots it, though flowers o'er my ashes may bloom,
And the incense of Araby breathe 'round my tomb?

Will the soft look of love meet my dim closing eye,
Or grief give a tear, or affection a sigh?
Will the friends of my childhood, as evening comes on,
Read my name rudely carved on a grey granite stone?
Will the tear of a mother e'er hallow my grave—
Or a sister's pure love teach a willow to wave?
Will that brightest, best loved one, in midnight's deep gloom,
E'er kneel by my turf-couch, and pray for my doom?
No, no! Bear me back, quickly back to that clime
Where my bark was first launched on the billow of time.
Let me gaze on its snow-mantled mountains once more—
Let me hear the hoarse murmur of waves on its shore—
Let the greetings of friendship, of love, once be mine—
That offering most holy, that incense divine—
Let me look once again on my own Northern sky;
Then, then will I calmly, contentedly die.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1833.

PLAGIARISMS.

"For an outlawe, this is the lawe—
That men him take and binde;
Without pitie, hanged to be,
And waver with the winde."

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Scarcely a week passes, in which we do not hear complaints from some one of the editorial fraternity, against those who have converted to their own use, the labors of his pen, without credit or acknowledgement. Many apparent instances of this literary plunder are of course to be attributed to the rapidity of selection, and the casualties incident to the hasty compilations which are made for the newspaper press. But still, it is too frequently the case, that the productions of a writer are seized on by others and appropriated to their own purposes, with so little respect to the rights of authorship, that even Charity, if unwilling to pronounce the act one of deliberate fraud, is at least compelled to view it as the result of negligence almost as culpable.

Every writer must of course feel gratified at seeing his effusions frequently and extensively copied, if it is done with fairness and honesty. But he may be pardoned, if he should exhibit a slight degree of resentment, at finding his work, perhaps the labor of days, purloined by some unconscionable plunderer, even before the paper, on which it was printed, has become dry; and sent forth over the country, as original, in some other publication, almost simultaneously with his own; and then copied into a dozen others, "without name or date, text or comment."

If this state of things should continue, it will soon be necessary for those conductors of the press who labor with the pen, to adopt some system for self defence against the host who edit with the scissors; for it is now almost necessary for a writer to restrict every essay to a single sheet of manuscript; lest the first pages should be seized on and appropriated by some one else, before the concluding portion can be written.

As for ourselves, we have not "been long in business;" yet in this respect, we are, already, as honest Dogberry says, "one that hath had losses." Most of these violations of editorial courtesy and of the rights of authorship are, singly, perhaps of little consequence to those who may be supposed more immediately interested in them: still, the frequency of the practice, and the want of correct feeling which it indicates, are certainly subjects of just reprehension.

But however unfair some of these things may be, they are trivial when compared with the deceptions which are occasionally practiced by correspondents upon editors themselves, by palming off the writings of others as their own; either by the seizure of an entire production, thereby exhibiting at the same time about an equal proportion of impudence and of folly; or by fastening together a variety of stolen materials into a piece of incongruous patchwork; and often with about as much effect, as was produced by the showman who formed a mermaid, by joining the tail of a fish to the head and shoulders of a monkey.

The editorial pilfering and thieving is a kind of "petty larceny," generally of little consequence; and against which, no one cares to enter a formal complaint: but this literary

clipping and counterfeiting, these forgeries and emissions of spurious paper, done "with malice aforethought," are frequently of a character which deserves indictment at the High Court of the Muses. And whenever one of these felons is detected committing burglary in Parnassus, or bringing his adulterated coin to a literary mart; his washed and plated *specie* ought to be nailed at once to the first counter at which it is offered; and the brand of conviction instantly applied to the offender.

We have had one of these culprits in our own custody for the last week or two; and while we are passing judgment on others, may as well order him up for sentence. "The facts in the case, as exhibited in evidence," are as follows.—Several years ago, we contributed to one of the papers in this city, a couple of whimsical effusions in verse, under the not inappropriate appellation of "Poetry Run Mad." They answered their temporary purpose; were read, went the rounds, and were forgotten by ourselves, and as we supposed by every body else; when a few weeks ago, one of them, entitled "The Ghost," came forth in the columns of the Hartford Anti-Masonic Intelligencer, as an original communication of a correspondent of that paper; but so barbarously mangled, maimed, mutilated, scalped and tomahawked, that scarcely one of its original features could be recognized.—Ours was indeed poetry run mad: but if we could have dreamed that it would ever run *so mad* as this, we should certainly have never let it loose upon the public.

To purloin an article of no intrinsic value, is an act both of meanness and folly; which are increased by defacing it in order to prevent detection: and the offender who could thus be guilty of the double crime of *literary piracy* and *poetical murder*, deserves to be hung, in *terrorem*, as a convicted free-better, between high and low-water mark, in the stream of Castaly.

LITERARY NOTICES.

COPLAS DE DON JORGE MANRIQUE; Translated from the Spanish; with an Introductory Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain; by Henry W. Longfellow, Professor &c., in Bowdoin College. Boston: Allen and Ticknor. Here is a little work of real merit; one for which its author deserves the thanks of every American scholar, not only for the unusual ability with which he has accomplished his task, but for the spirit and feelings with which it was undertaken. The principal translation which the volume contains, is that of a noble ode or funeral hymn, composed by Manrique, one of the early warrior bards of Spain, upon the death of his father; who was slain in battle in 1479. To this, are appended English metrical versions from a few other early Spanish poets.

One of the most remarkable beauties of these translations, especially in the case of the principal one, is the great fidelity with which the peculiar measure and style of versification of the originals are preserved in their English dress.—This must have been a difficult labor; one indeed, the extent of which no individual can estimate who has not made a similar trial: but one which Professor Longfellow has accomplished with admirable skill. The strong and more apparent beauties of an author may generally be transferred with ease to another language; but in the highly wrought creations of poetry, the thousand fine touches, the minutely discriminative shades of meaning, which often depend upon idiomatic expressions, are always lost in a translation, which thereby becomes comparatively meagre and tame, unless they are transferred with a nicety and perfection of touch, corresponding to that with which they were at first produced. Any thing less than this, is as fatal to their delicate beauty, as would be a rude and unskilful handling, to the gilded powder on the wings of the butterfly.

The present version is, indeed, an exhibition of refined taste and happy execution. It is the work of a poet, translated by a poet. It is not merely a faithful version of the author's thoughts and language, but the tribute of genius to the production of a kindred spirit. Yet, beautiful as it is, we are unwilling to receive this little volume as any thing more than an earnest of further and more extensive labors. It shows us of what Professor Longfellow is capable; and the reception which it has met, will show him what his countrymen have a right to expect from his future works.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM ROSCOE, by his son, Henry Roscoe. Boston: Russell, Odiorne & Co. The life of Mr Roscoe was in many respects, a model; and his character exhibited much that is worthy not only of high and strong admiration, but of careful and thorough study. The excellence of his moral character, the peculiar habits of his mind, and the pursuits to which these directed him; the labors of his pen; his ardent philanthropy, the enterprizes to which this led him on: and the various results of his exertions for the advancement of literature and the improvement of the human race, are all rich with materials for instruction. A work written with a just estimate of such a character, and embodying the events of such a life, could not fail to be useful and interesting. When therefore his memoirs were announced as in preparation by one of his own household, one who had been, from infancy, familiar with his pursuits, the spectator of his labors, and the constant recipient of his thoughts and feelings; we expected much from a perusal of the work. We have examined it with mingled feelings of pleasure and disappointment. That it should be uninteresting or tedious, is impossible; for this the very nature of the subject would not permit; but to say that the author has done entire justice to his beautiful theme, is more than truth will warrant. The book is written in an easy and graceful style; and is very well, so far as it goes: but it is deficient in energy. The author does not grasp his subject with sufficient firmness.—He plays around it, giving often an undue relative importance to trifles and minute details. There is here, too much gossiping and small-talk. In short, the fault which runs through the whole work, is, that it contains a great deal *about* its subject, and very little *upon* it.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.—The first and second parts of this highly popular miscellany for children and youth, have made their appearance; neatly and tastefully bound; in a form well adapted for the use of that interesting class of readers for whom they are intended. To speak of the contents of this little encyclopedia, is entirely unnecessary. It is in the hands of almost every child: and for those who do not possess it, a more acceptable present can rarely be selected.

PERIODICALS.—The present number of the North American Review contains nothing which will add much to its high reputation: and some of its articles are of a very indifferent character. The New-York * American Monthly Magazine" (decidedly one of the best periodicals in our country,) is at hand; and has, as usual, afforded us much pleasure. This work ought to be better and more extensively known. It is indeed with surprise that we have learnt the fact, that it is almost if not entirely without patronage in this city. "The Parthenon," from Union College, Schenectady; has been received. It stands in the foremost rank among the class of Magazines to which it belongs, and several of its articles are not merely tokens of unusual promise, but are productions of finished beauty. Its critical notices are remarkably well written.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Hermethenean," a new Magazine established at Washington College, Hartford; for their introductory number, with which we are much pleased. If they realize the expectations which are raised by this specimen, there can be no doubt of their success.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Ellie's Polynesian Researches, vol. 4th.

History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations, by Howitt.

The Subaltern in America.

The Man-of-War's-Man, by the author of "Tom Cringle's Log."

Practical Penmanship, on the Carstairsian System, by B. F. Foster.

Sermons, in a series of volumes, by T. Williams. Vol. 2. Caroline Westery; or, the Young Traveller from Ohio: and the Clergyman's Orphan: being Nos. 16 and 17 of the Boy's and Girl's Library.

The Right Moral Influence and Use of Intellectual Studies, by Gulian C. Verplank.

Zophiel; or, the Bride of Seven; by Maria Occidente.

Popular Astronomy; by Francis J. Grund.

Observations on Texas; Historical, Geographical and Descriptive: by Mrs Holley.

Lamarck's Genera of Shells, with a Catalogue of Species; by A. A. Gould.

The Oration, Offices, &c., of Cicero, translated by Duncan, Cockman and Melmoth.

The Infirmities of Genius; by R. Madden, Esq.

Tytler's Lives of the Scottish Worthies.

Turkey and its Resources; by David Urquhart.

Life of Thomas Eddy, with a portion of his Writings; by S. L. Knapp.

A Million of Facts; by Sir Richard Phillips: revised by an American.

National Library, Nos 1 and 2: (to contain a reprint of "Salmagundi.")

The Ladies' Reticule Companion: by Lyman Cobb.

Allen Breck, a Tale; by the author of "The Subaltern." Waltzburg; a Tale of the Sixteenth Century.

WORKS ANNOUNCED AS IN THE PRESS.

Memoirs of Dr. Burney; arranged by his daughter Madame d'Arbly.

Trans-atlantic Sketches; by Capt. J. E. Alexander.

The Family Book; by Rev John Breckinridge.

Journal of a Lunatic.

The Home Book of Health and Medicine.

The Young Christian's Book; by Rev. G. T. Bedell, D. D.

A New Treatise on French Pronunciation, &c.; by Mons. B. F. Bugard.

Among the works announced as in the press in London, is a complete edition of "Cuvier's Animal Kingdom;" to be published in thirty-six monthly numbers; with five hundred engravings on steel, colored. The entire work thus illustrated, is afforded at an expense of little more than thirty-six pounds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles for insertion are sometimes forwarded without a title or signature. We would suggest to correspondents, in cases where no title is prefixed, the adoption of a signature or other mark, to which reference can be made in acknowledging the receipt of their favors.

We welcome the second appearance of the star (*) whose beam adds light to one of our pages: and hope it may prove a *fixed star* in our poetical galaxy.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

Laborde's Report on the Theban Obelisk. (Translation.)

Lines, to Mary. (The stanzas accompanying them shall receive early attention.)

Extract from "The Sun," by Beppo.

DECLINED.

H., on "Capital Punishments." The subject is certainly one of great importance, and the views of the writer we believe to be perfectly correct: but he has not paid sufficient attention to the composition of his essay; it needs too much correction.

JUSTICE, in reply to the remarks of "Candor," respecting "Mrs Child's Appeal." The communication of "Justice" is not inserted, because it would inevitably open our columns to a discussion, which however momentous in its nature, would be entirely out of place in a publication like this.—We stated at the outset, that no theological or political controversy could be admitted into the Journal; for the simple and obvious reason, that the character which its title announces, could only be preserved by a rigid adherence to that rule.

The strictures of "Candor" applied only to those detached passages of Mrs Child's book which relate to the subject of intermarriages between the blacks and the whites: and had these strictures gone any farther than this, they would not have been admitted. They did not apply to the general tenor of the work, or the main subject on which it treats. But the remarks of "Justice" take a wider range; and refer to the whole question of slavery and emancipation; one which, from every present appearance, will soon become the subject of a political contest, exceeding in violence any which this country has ever known. Viewing it in this light, our pages cannot be open to its discussion.

In declining the present communication we cannot refrain from adding, that the ability which it displays, if employed on some topic within the range of those to which our columns are devoted, must render any favor from the same pen, highly gratifying to ourselves and acceptable to our readers.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE COURT OF CHANCERY.

[The following humorous poem, appeared in the London "Times," in 1826, under the title of "*A Vision by the Author of Christabel*," the double meaning of which, together with the admirable imitation of Mr Coleridge's style, which some of the passages contain, caused it to be very generally considered as one of that gentleman's productions. The title was evidently intended by the author, as a part of the fiction; but being almost universally understood in a literal sense, Mr Coleridge was compelled to disavow its authorship, by a communication through the press. In addition to the imitative skill which the lines display, they are equally remarkable for their genuine, racy humor; which, however, does not in the least impair the caustic severity of their satire upon the vexatious and interminable delays of the English Chancery process.]

"Up!" said the spirit; and ere I could pray
One hasty orison, whirled me away
To a limbo, lying—I wist not where—
Above or below, in earth or air;
All glimmering o'er with a doubtful light,
One could n't say whether 't was day or night;
And crossed by many a mazy track,
One did n't know how to get on, or back:
And I felt like a needle that's going astray
(With its one eye out) through a bundle of hay:
When the spirit he grinned, and whispered me,
"Thou'rt now in the COURT OF CHANCERY!"

Around me, flitted unnumbered swarms
Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms;
(Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room
Of that worthy Knight Sir Everard Home)—
All of them, things half killed in rearing;
Some were lame—some wanted hearing;
Some had through half a century run,
Though they had n't a leg to stand upon.
Others, more merry, as just beginning,
Around on a point of law, were spinning;
Or, balanced aloft, twist Bill and Answer,
Lead at each end like a tight-rope dancer.—
Some were so cross that nothing could please 'em;
Some gulped down affidavits to ease 'em:
All were in motion, yet never a one
Let it move as it might, could ever move on.
"These," said the spirit, "you plainly see,
Are what they call SUITS IN CHANCERY!"

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,
Like a chorus by fifty Velluti's sung;
Or an Irish dump ("the words by Moore,")
At an amateur concert screamed in score;—
So harsh on my ear that wailing fell
Of the wretches who in this limbo dwell!
It seemed the dismal symphony
Of the spirits Aeneas in hell did see;
Or those frogs, whose legs, a barbarous cook
Cut off, and let the frogs in the brook,
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
"Give us our legs! give us our legs!"—
Touched with the sad and sorrowful scene,
I asked what all this yell might mean;
When the spirit replied, with a grin of glee,
"T is the cry of the SUITORS IN CHANCERY!"

I looked, and I saw a wizard rise,
With a wig like a cloud, before men's eyes.
In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckoned the embryo band:
And they moved and moved, as he waved it o'er;
But they never got on, one inch more;
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like Ariels round old Prospero—
Saying, "dear master, let us go;"
But still old Prospero answered "No."
And I heard, the while, that wizard elf
Muttering, muttering spells to himself;
While over as many old papers he turned,
As Hume ever moved for, or Omar burned.
He talked of his virtue; though some, less nice,
(He owned with a sigh) preferred his Vice—
And he said, "I think"—"I doubt"—"I hope"—
Called God to witness, and cursed the Pope;
With many more sleights of tongue and hand,
I could n't, for the soul of me, understand.
Amazed and peezed, I was just about
To ask his name; when the screams without,
The merciless clack of the imps within,
And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,
That, startled, I woke—leaped up in my bed—
Found the spirit, the imps and the conjurer fled;
And blessed my stars, right pleased to see
That I was n't, as yet, in CHANCERY!

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

Thy bower is finished fairest,
Fit bower for hunter's bride—
Where old woods overshadow
The green savannah's side;
I've wandered long and wandered far,
And never have I met,
In all this lovely western land,
A spot so lovely yet;
But I shall think it fairest
When thou art come to bless,
With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glistens
On sunny knoll and tree,
And stoops the slim papaya
With yellow fruit for thee;
For thee the duck on glassy stream,
The prairie fowl shall die;
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky;
The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers!
Ah! those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show the human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs, and loads his yellow thighs
For thee, my love, and me.

Or wouldst thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago?
Our old oaks stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor;
And in the great savannah,
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.
Come, the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win,
And a my silent window-sill
The jessamine peeps in;
All day the red breast warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trolls her song
All night, with none to hear.

TO MY SISTER.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

My sister! O, my sister!
All other hearts may fail,
As time and change, that visit all,
Pass o'er them like a gale,
Dashing the silvery dews of morn,
From violets of the vale;
And mournfully, oh, mournfully,
The hopes of younger years
May fall and leave me, one by one,
In darkness and in tears,
Till I shall be the bloomless tree,
A desert region rears;
And nothing in that wilderness—
Though thronged by living men,—
No, nothing but the memory
Of joys that once have been,
Freshens my sultry soul,—like airs
From a far Indian glen.

Yet, sister! O, my sister!
Thou wilt not so forget
To fan for me the sacred flame,
To thy fond bosom set
Where life was green. Love on! Love on,—
Burns, it thrills me yet!

THE MEMORY OF FRIENDSHIP.

Loves, friendships, hopes and dear remembrances,
The kind embracings of the heart—and hours
Of happy thought—and smiles coming to tears:
And glories of the heaven and starry cope

Above, and glories of the earth beneath—
These were the rays that wandered thro' the gloom
Of mortal life—wells of the wilderness;
Redeeming features in the face of Time;
Sweet drops that made the mixed cup of Earth
A palatable draught—too bitter else.

GOOD ADVICE.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life, spins out longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life, is highly necessary, but if distress succeed, dejection and despair, will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but rise and seek the remedy.

On the side of a mountain in Tennessee, are the marks of the footsteps of men and horses in the limestone, in great numbers, and as though they were the tracks of an army.—Some of the tracks show, as if the army had slipped in miry clay. All have the appearance of being an actual impression in soft clay, which afterwards hardened to stone, retained a perfect impression. Characters of great freshness and coloring, are marked upon many of the high bluffs, that impend the western rivers. Inscriptions of this sort are found in Missouri, on the Illinois, and in various other places. A remarkable track of a human foot was found in a solid block of limestone, on the bank of the Mississippi, at St. Louis.—The most ancient traditions of the West do not touch the origin of these mounds or characters.—*Flint's Indian Wars of the West.*

Man has two hundred forty-six bones: the head and the face sixty-three, the trunk thirty-nine, the arms sixty-four, and the lower extremities sixty. There are in man, two hundred and one muscles, or pairs of muscles.

Neither beg of him who has been a beggar, nor serve him who has been a servant.—*Spanish.*

The following choice and amusing specimen of English, is copied from the handbill of an ingenious artist at Naples. His progress in their "vernacular," must pretty considerably astonish his English patrons:—"Joseph the Cook, he offer to one illuminated public, and most particular for British knowing men in general, one remarkable, pretty, famous, and splendid collection of old goods all quite new, excavated from private personal diggings. He sell cooked clays, old marble stones with ancient basso-relievos, with stewing pots, brass sacrificing pans, and antik lamps; also, old coppers and candlesticks, with Nola jugs, Etruscan saucers, and much more intellectual mind's articles; all intitling him to learned man's inspection to examine him; and supply it with illustrious protection, of whom he hope full and valorous satisfaction. N. B. He make all the old ting brand new, and the new tings all old, for Gentlemen who has collections, and wishes to change him. He have also one manner quite original, for make join two sides of different monies, producing one medallion all indeed unique, and advantage him to sell by exportation for Strange Cabinets and Museums of the Exterior Potentates."

A tailor of Bagdad during a severe illness, dreamed that an angel appeared before him, bearing an immense flag, formed from the pieces of cloth which he had abstracted at different times from his customers, and that he chastised him severely with a rod of iron, while he waved the flag before his eyes. He awoke in an agony of terror, and vowed that he would never again steal cloth from his employers.—Fearing however, the influence of future temptations, he ordered his servant to remind him of the flag, whenever he saw him too sorely tempted. For some time, the servant's hint checked the tailor's avarice; but at length, a nobleman sent him a piece of rich brocade to make a robe, whose beauty proved too strong for the tailor's resolution. "The flag, the flag," shouted the servant, when he saw the shears taking a suspicious direction. "Curse you and the flag," answered the tailor, "there was not a bit of stuff like this in it; besides, there was a piece wanting in one of the corners, which this remnant will exactly supply."

A dandy from the old country, once gazing upon the Mississippi, his friend asked him what he thought of it. "Why," said he, eying it through his glass, "it's a pretty fair river, considering it is a new country!"

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